

PORTLAND TRIBUNE.

PORTLAND, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1844.

WANTED—Several active and intelligent men to act as agents for the Tribune, to whom liberal compensation will be given.

AUTUMN.

Autumn has come again. Who loves not to take a stroll in the country, and contemplate the decay of nature? And in her decay how beautiful! Look at the forest, and notice the appearance of the trees. The crimson and the yellow—the green and the brown—the bright and the beautiful so blended as to make the scene surprisingly lovely to gaze upon. It was but a day or two since, when the trees put forth their boughs and leaves, and sweet blossoms scented the air. Now the leaves are parched and dry—they have fallen from the trees, and overspread the ground. Yet every season is beautiful, and gives instruction to the contemplative mind.—Throughout the year we may learn lessons of wisdom that will never cease to profit us. The autumn reminds us most emphatically of the season of age and decrepitude—when we ourselves shall fade and fall and mingle like the leaves about us, with the common dust. Some of us may not live till the autumn of life—but, like a bud nipped by an untimely frost, pass away amid the sunshine and the flowers. If we act well our part, it will be sufficient; our reward will be on high.

Autumn! sweet autumn! we love to contemplate its beauties. Wherever the eye may turn amid the “fading many-colored woods,” we behold—in the language of Thomson—

“shade deepening over shade, the country round betrown; crowded umbrage, dark and drear, Of every hue, from wan declining green To sooty black.”

Again, says the same author—

“The pale descending year, yet pleasing still, A gentle mood inspires; for now the leaf incessant rustles from the mournful grove; Oft startling such as stolidous, walk below, And slowly circles through the waving air.”

Although a dreary winter is before us, it will soon pass away, and spring will burst upon us, full of smiles and flowers. Let us then be happy, feeling with the poet—

“Surety of health, prosperity of life,
Belong to autumn.”

FANATICISM.

When William Miller predicted several years ago, that our world would be destroyed in 1843, it was our misfortune to be acquainted with a view of his deluded disciples. We reasoned with them, but in vain; they had not a doubt resting on their minds that the earth would be burnt up before the expiration of that year. But the time came and passed and the world still lives on. Alas! the credulity and fanaticism of man! We are now told, and many apparently sensible men believe it, that the 22d day of the present month, will witness the winding up of all things. The Miller papers have been discontinued, shops have been closed, business suspended, and preparation been made by the deluded for this great event. In this city, there are those who are daily waiting for the event, having disposed of their property, and retaining enough only to keep them in existence for a few days. It is so in other places. From the Boston Mail we take the following:—

“We know of a lady in this city who has for a long time kept a genteel boarding house.—last Sunday she dismissed all her boarders, and opened her house freely for the accommodation of the Second Advent believers. She has given away all her worldly goods, including a large part of her clothing and furniture; and when the delusion passes away, she will find herself destitute. Several gentlemen in this city have closed up their business, given away nearly all their convertible property, and have now no ap-

parent desire on earth beyond the coming of the Lord.”

From the Hartford Christian Secretary, we select as follows:—

“The excitement has become so great within a few days past, that a silk ~~man~~ closed his store on Saturday evening, with the intention, as we learn, of never opening it again. Another professes to possess the gift of ~~knowing~~. A few nights since, a lady (the wife of a very respectable man, who till recently was a deacon in one of the Congregational churches in this city, but now a Millerite) went through the street about midnight, clapping her hands and shouting at the top of her voice, “The Lord is coming.” Whether she considered this “The true midnight cry” or not, we have not learned. It is painful to witness such fanaticism.”

Who would think that in ~~the~~ age of light, such fanaticism would be ~~seen~~ that men and women, apparently sound mind, should fix upon a day for the Almighty to come and burn up the earth? When ~~was~~ cast upon these poor, deluded creatures, ~~they~~ reminded of the words of Dryden—

“They rave—their words are loose
As heaps of sands, and scattered ~~with~~ from sense
So high they’re mounted on their ~~high~~ throne,
That now the wind has got into their heads,
And turns their brains to phren~~sy~~”

We do entreat the well-meaning ~~but~~ deluded dupes of a disordered imagination to give up their theory and go to work at ~~the~~ business like good citizens. You have set the time for your Lord to come; you will be disappointed, though so confident now, and when the 22d has past away, and the world still runs on in her accustomed round, we see not where you can rest your faith. Do not destroy the Bible, as we fear too many of you will be inclined to do, because you have misinterpreted it, but let reason and religion take that place in your hearts which is so full of delusion and fanaticism. We pity your folly and presumption, but have little charity for your course. Become man again; labor to support your families, and never again permit the work of the devil so to engross your minds as to induce you to believe you have been wrought upon by the Spirit of God.

TYLERISM.

We are not much of a politician; but Tylerism we heartily despise. Within a few days, there has been removed from a minor office in this city, a gentleman who is respected and beloved by both political parties. We allude to Master Cushman, whose appointment as Surveyor of this port, gave satisfaction to all our citizens. For more than a quarter of a century he was preceptor of the Academy in this city, and many of our most active and enterprising men received instruction from his hands. The paragraphs that follow are from the leading Whig and Democratic papers of this city. Should not our citizens exert themselves to restore to office a man so honest, trustworthy and unobtrusive as Mr. Cushman? He is poor, and needs it.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

“All parties, without an exception, which we would deign to notice, particularly condemn the removal of Mr. Cushman. The perfectly amiable character of this gentleman, his faithful discharge of every duty, and the universal confidence, esteem and affection which he had acquired in many years employment among us, in the education of hundreds of our young men, had placed him in a position, where we are sure he had no enemy, and where we certainly supposed not one would envy him the moderate support, which he obtained from his office for his declining years. It seems, however, there is one, who has the honor of having obtained Mr. Tyler’s permission to assume Mr. Cushman’s place. Of course, it is no Portland man, who has ventured upon this experiment.

[From the Eastern Argus.]

BEZALEEL CUSHMAN.

The news of this gentleman’s recent removal

from the office of Surveyor of this port, was received, by our citizens, without distinction of party, with surprise and regret. He has always been moderate and unobtrusive in politics, and is as little objectionable to his political opponents as any other man in the State. We know we speak the sentiments of nineteen-twentieths of the democracy of the city, when we say he would have been the last whig they would have removed from office, if indeed they would have removed him at all. No man has more sincere personal friends than he; and no man enjoys a larger share of the honest sympathies of our most worthy and upright citizens.

We go for filling the offices in the gift of the government with political friends, generally. But there are exceptions to all general rules. Whatever party succeeds, some few of its opponents are always left in office. Mr. Cushman’s case was a peculiar one. He is unobtrusive and inoffensive in regard to his own opinions. He has spent THIRTY-FOUR YEARS of his life in the useful and honorable employment of schoolmaster.

When Mr. Cushman was appointed to the office of Surveyor, every body was pleased. It was the only appointment made by the Harrison administration that neither whigs nor democrats complained of.

We must believe in this particular case, that the Executive has been grossly imposed upon, as to the personal character, and circumstances of Mr. Cushman, and the wishes of the Democratic party, and the people generally.

When we see an editor who has just returned from a western tour, single out and puff a hotel or two, we always think he contrived to get his keeping for nothing.

Where is the Evening Mirror? We have received but two copies. Contrary to our rules, we gave the publishers advertisement in our columns, with the expectation of receiving the daily. Friend Morris, look to this.

We have received the first No. of Joseph C. Neal’s Saturday Gazette, published at Philadelphia, on a large sheet, with beautiful paper and type at \$2.00 a year in advance. Those who have read Neal’s Charcoal Sketches—who ~~has~~ not?—will itch to subscribe for the Gazette.

Arthur’s Magazine for November has been received, containing its usual variety with two beautiful plates. The October number has not been received. Please send.

A Mrs. Higgins is lecturing on the immediate coming of Christ, at Newark, N. J. Mrs. Higgins had better be at home, preparing for the coming of her husband.

O. A. Brownson, editor of “Brownson’s Quarterly Review,” is said to have joined the Catholic Church. In a note at the close of the October number of his journal, he says—“After years of wandering, doubt and perplexity, we have found a resting place, and the heart the repose it has sought.”

On demolishing an ancient Roman Catholic Chapel recently in Warsaw, two barrels filled with gold to the value of \$600,000 were found in the foundation.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE. Miss Mary Wickliffe, the beautiful daughter of the Post Master General, was to have been married on the 16th inst., to the son of Mr. Merrick, the Whig Senator from Maryland.

HERE’S A CHANCE, GIRLS! The Maumee Express says the population Branch county consists of 1806 males and only 828 females. The editor invites the young women of the East to emigrate to his neighborhood.

CITY ITEM.

FMS. Between 9 and 10 PM, morning, it was discovered that frame Candle Factory of Mr. H corner of Paris and Portland Sts. There was a small grocery store, the building from which the good removed, by those who arrived s of conflagration, but little or nod from the main building, which w of flame, illuminating the count

The flames spread rapidly to story wooden rope-walk adjoining Messrs. Horton & Trowbridge, t of which was rented by Mr. Hart as a twine factory, and the lower house, by Messrs. Ebenezer Du Hamlin and J. T. Hoole & Son goods stored were saved, but the building was destroyed.

The stock and manufacturing Mr. Dow were entirely consumed the Elm Office, Hartford, to \$1200. The loss of Messrs. H bridge will be quite serious. rented for \$150.

The Millerites are in their glo to be in paradise on the 22d; the vision for the coming winter. are crowded each night. Eve horn that is blown gives them al noise makes them tremble and fear.

The Cumberland Conference commenced its semi annual sess on Tuesday last. Their meetin the Second Parish Church.

The editor of the Portland Bull “to accommodate his friends,” he small type for his paper. A very tig gentleman. We prefer ty seen.

The apothecaries of this city, cently indicted for rum-selling, i and were discharged. They hav conclusion to sell no more.

Mr. W. W. Woodbury has resi of Cashier of the Merchants Ban Mitchell, Esq. has been elected cancy.

Alexander Small has been app Marshal of Maine in place of Esq.

Last Monday, Mr. B. King upon himself to perform the dutie of this port in place of Mr. Cushi

Virgil Delphini Paris has ent duties as Marshal of Maine. John Esq. was removed.

There are six men confined in for selling rum.

THE FEES OF HER MAJESTY. The fee presented to Dr. Locock, accoucheur to the Queen, is, it upon the birth of a royal infant, £ guson receives £500, and Sir Jan same amount.

Mrs. Lily, the Queen’s monthly “for the month” £300. This am swelled to upwards of £600, the es rived from the handsome presents ceives from each guest invited to t The wet nurse is said to receive £ for her service, besides the gratify some portion of her family being pi ther in the army or navy, or in some offices.